

The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. III.—NO. 34.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1860.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS

IS PUBLISHED AT
No 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

BRANCH OFFICE
at

ROGER'S BOOKSTORE, 227 BROADWAY.

PRICE.

\$2.00 a year; Five Cents a Single Number.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING

Ten Cents a line for the first two insertions. Five Cents a line for every subsequent insertion.

N B.—Advertisers will please bear in mind that no arrangement whatever can be made with them for editorial notices.

N B.—All communications should be addressed to

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.

Editor of *The N. Y. Saturday Press*.

No 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

For The New York Saturday Press

EPHEMERA

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE

The moon on a fresh-filled grave:

At Owl on a withered tree:

A crouching dog, and I:

Yes, I, the last of the three!

(The moon I dare not count!)

For the dog is the slave of fright,

And hath no soul, they say:

And the Owl is the Lord of Night!

But I am a mist-veined fool,

To be called 'a man,' with a sneer!

That had a soul, they say.

And buried it yesterday here!

I did! I buried it here!

If ever I owned a soul,

The moon is drinking it now

From out of that ghostly bowl!

From out of the marble urn

That crowns that fresh-filled grave:

For to her that lyeth therein

The wine of my soul I gave!

I spoke those words, and I think

I spake them perchance, aloud

The marble urn grew black,

And the moon sailed into a cloud;

And some one came to my side;

And touched my hand, and said:

If thus hast buried thy soul,

Let the Devil bury their Dead!

Then the soft hand clasped my hand,

And a fresh heart throbbed on mine,

And methought I quaffed a soul

Anew, in Ambrosial wine!

LIFE IN THE DESERT.

Here, at last, is a book of travels which we can read with pleasure, and praise with a clear conscience.

For the more part, books of this kind are mere confessions of want of sufficiency, and stupidity—the wretched confessions of men who, having run through places, impudently shake the dust of their sandals into the face of a too complacent public.

M. du Courte is 'no such person.'

On the contrary, he is an intelligent and well-born gentleman, who travels not for the purpose of saying that he has travelled, or of indulging any other idle and disgusting vanity, but purely to gratify a natural love of information and adventure.

You see from the perusal of his book with the feeling that you have been conversing, in an easy and unaffected manner, with a man who never talks for the sake of talking, but takes pleasure in communicating to you, with becoming modesty, the results of his varied and picturesque experience.

The perusal of ordinary books of travel, on the contrary, makes you feel as if you had been listening to the wretched babble of a fellow who, because his body has been trundled about, somehow, through foreign lands, fancies that he himself has visited them, and that he has the right, therefore, of making them the topic of his best commonplace and wearisome conversation.

For the delight of turning from such creatures and their works (which swarm like locusts, this season), to the volume before us, we are indebted to Mr. C. D. Shandley, who has translated Mr. du Courte's charming recital into such pure English that it is difficult to believe it was not written in that language.

In proof of which, and of the above remarks generally, we call the reader's attention to the following extract:

A GROUP OF SNAKE-CHARMERS.

These performers consist of a crew called 'Sidi-Schiddid' from Aman, a town lying on the borders of the two leagues to the East of Marsa. Six of them were playing upon drums when we came up; but, on being questioned by Abu-Bekr-el-Douai, to exhibit their serpents to us, they consented with alacrity.

Having made their arrangements, all seven commenced by putting up their hands as if holding books, while they inhaled in a croupy prayer addressed to the snake-god. Then the six musicians took their drums and began to play—the chief charmer spinning with great velocity, in a kind of wild dance, round the palm-leaf carpet covered with goat-skin, in which the reptiles were kept.

Suddenly the dancer stopped, and, plunging his hand into the carpet, took out of it a snake, or lizard, which he whirled about, twirling and untwisting it until it looked like a braid of greenish-yellow silk. He then wreathed the serpent round his head, like a turban, dancing all the time, while the reptile remained where he had placed it, appearing to accommodate itself to the movements and will of the dancer.

The snake was then placed upon the ground, from which it reared itself periodically—the position of attack being taken by it when its hunting is invaded—waving its head from right to left, in time with the music of the futes.

Then the dancer, wheeling more and more rapidly, in diminishing circles, again plunged his hand into the carpet, and again drew from it successively four horned serpents, or lizards. These reptiles, livid and lewd, dashed about, and, upon the floor, with their heads alight, ready to strike, as they followed, with gleaming eyes, the motions of the charmer, on whom they darted, with open jaws, when he came within reach, launching their bodies with wonderful swiftness, while their tails appeared as if fixed to the ground, and then again winding themselves into coils.

The dancer paraded, with his abysse, these assaults upon his bare legs, the vipers appearing to impregnate the garment with their venom. He then seized one of them behind the head, dancing round and round, and calling in a loud voice upon his patron saint.

Opening the folds of his robe, he exposed the snake, which struck him immediately, upon which he redoubled his contortions, as if in agony of pain, calling all the time upon Sida-Asser, the reptile still alive.

At this moment the sun set. A great cry arose,

and the company of women vanished away. And then Ebis and prostrated himself before the holy man, saying:

"Unto the end of thy days I am thy slave; order and I obey—it is the will of Allah."

"Away" cried Sidi-Nasib to him. "When I have need of thee I will summon thee." And Ebis disappeared into the hole where the casket had buried itself.

"From that day the well has always supplied delicious water in abundance. And Sidi-Nasib, to the day of his death, was the Providence of these countries. For when the moon blew, and a caravan was about to perish; when a crime was about to be committed; when a woman was about to spring upon a human victim, he came to her. Ebis sent him to prevent the deed. So that while this holy man lived no person perished of thirst, or of hunger, or of any violent death, in the desert."

When the reis had related his legend, he pointed to a stone that lay near the well, saying:

"That is the spot where the hole was into which the evil One vanished. And it was from thence that the latter came whenever summoned by Sidi-Nasib."

"I need scarcely add that this experiment cured me of any frantic desire to play with the horned viper.

"Of these facts I speak from ocular experience; but, although I have investigated the matter closely, I have never yet met with any person who could propound a satisfactory theory upon the subject. I have applied to the learned men of the country, and to the people themselves, for their opinions; but, as far as I can learn, no one has given any account of the snake-charmer's secret.

"Unfortunately for itself, a wretched cat happened to be at hand. It was brought to the charmer, who caused the viper to strike it; immediately after which poor puss fell into convulsions, which lasted for a few seconds, and then recovered for a moment, and then fell, stiff and dead, upon the earth, after which its nose and eyes assumed a bluish tint.

"Art thou a serpent-charmer?" asked the Beni-Schiddid. "—hast thou a faith implicit in the power of Sidi-Asser?"

"Neither the one nor the other," replied I.

"Should the serpent strike thee, then, thy hour is come," rejoined he. "Bring hither a hen, or some other living animal, and I will prove the truth of my words."

"Unfortunately for itself, a wretched cat happened to be at hand. It was brought to the charmer, who caused the viper to strike it; immediately after which poor puss fell into convulsions, which lasted for a few seconds, and then recovered for a moment, and then fell, stiff and dead, upon the earth, after which its nose and eyes assumed a bluish tint.

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The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending August 25, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his paper *SATURDAY PRESS*, does not mind by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in small type, is a very valuable notice.—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

The Christian Minister the Man of God: a discourse delivered before the Graduating Class of Harvard University, July 15, 1860. By Rev. Charles T. Brooks, Newport, Rhode Island 12mo.

The Reaction of the Church in Society to the Church: a Review of Dr. Huntington's Address before the Convention of Sunday School Teachers at Worcester, June 15th, 1860. By Rev. N. M. Williams, 12mo. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

EDUCATIONAL.

French Grammar, General, Latin, and Italian, Languages without a Master Teacher; any one of all of these languages can be learned by self-study without a Teacher, with the aid of this book. By A. H. Mountford, Esq. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Man. By Rev. J. D. Beale. Worcester, 12mo. pp. 422. Philadelphia: James E. Lippincott.

The Encyclopædia of a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Newell. Volume X. London: Macmillan. 8vo. pp. 700. 52 New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ENGLISH H.

RELIGIOUS.

A Commentary on the Epistles of Paul, Critical, Devotional, and Practical, with the Text of the Authorized Version, Meticulously arranged according to the original Hebrew. By Rev. William Arthur, author of *The Tongue of Fire*, etc. London: Adams & Co.

POETRY.

The Gold Beater: a Metrical Narrative, and other Poems. By George Lumsley, Jun. 12mo. cloth, 6s. London: Harrison.

FICTION.

The Road to Honour. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Shadow in the House. A Novel. By John Saunders, author of *Sauvage's Martyrdom*, etc. 3 vols. 12mo. London: Lockwood & Co.

The Novels of Garretson, an Historical Tale. Edited by the author of *Emma Wyndham*. 3 vols. 12mo. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

TRAVELS.

S. J. Morton in Boston: a Clergyman's Holiday, and How to Pass it. By Rev. P. Besant. M.A. 12mo. 2s. London: Hurst & Blackett.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Inquiry of a Judge, compiled from the Notebook of a recently deceased Judge. By Rev. Ward & Lock.

The Newspaper Press of the Present Day. 12mo. London: Saunders, Otley & Co.

Collins, Folio, and Shakespeare: a Review. By the author of Literary Caskets.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

FICTION.

Juste Camerons. By Lady Rachel Butler. 2vo. paper. 20 cents. New York: M. DeWitt.

The Wood-Rangers, or, the Trappers of Seneca. By Capt. Mayne Reid, author of *The Wolf-Hunters*, *The Life-Rangers*, etc. 12mo. pp. 456. \$1.25. New York: M. DeWitt.

Time and Tidings. By the author of *Widower*, *The House of Elmer*, etc. 2vo. paper. 10s. 6d. London: S. New York: M. DeWitt.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chapters on Women. By Mrs. Ellis, author of *Mother of Great Men*. 12mo. pp. 255. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Encyclopedia Britannica. Eighth Edition. Volume XX. 525 pp. 12mo. Little, Brown & Co.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

SHEDDEN & CO., NEW YORK.

The Life of George Washington. By Hon. Edward Everett. 1 vol. 12mo.

Every Year's Experience in Sunday Schools. By Stephen H. Tyng. D. 1 vol. 12mo. 60 cents.

Love and Penalty. By Joseph P. Thompson, D.D. 1 vol. 12mo. 75 cents.

Scenes of Scotland. By Miss Thomas Golding. 1 vol. 12mo. 75 cents.

A Treasury of Scripture Stories. Printed in Colored Colors. 12mo. 75 cents.

Letters of Emily J. Judson. By A. C. Kendrick, D.D. 1 vol. 12mo.

N.Y.W. PUBLICATIONS.

Received at the Office: The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, August 25, 1860.

Woots and Waters, or, The Saracens and Basket. With a Map of the Route, and nine Wood Illustrations. 12mo. New York: M. DeWitt.

Juste Camerons. By Lady Rachel Butler. 2vo. paper. 25 cents. New York: M. DeWitt.

One and Twenty. By the author of *Widower*, *The House of Elmer*, etc. 2vo. paper. 10s. 6d. New York: M. DeWitt.

Chapters on Women. By Mrs. Ellis, author of *Mother of Great Men*. 12mo. pp. 255. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Phonograph. 12mo. 25s. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Novels. By Marion Harland. 12mo. pp. 429. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Chain-bearer, or, The Littlepage Manuscripts. By J. Fenimore Cooper. New Edition. Illustrated from Drawings by F. G. L. 12mo. pp. 456. 12mo. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

The Wood-Rangers, or, the Trappers of Seneca. By Capt. Mayne Reid, author of *The Wolf-Hunters*, *The Life-Rangers*, etc. 12mo. pp. 456. \$1.25. New York: M. DeWitt.

A Political Text Book for 1860, comprising a Brief View of Constitutional Nomination and Elections; including all the National Parties ever yet adopted; also a History of the struggle respecting every party, and a full account of the action of each party in the cause of the Union, and of the efforts of each party to give to the people of the Free States a government as free and as equal as the people of the Slave States. By the author of *Letters of Messrs. Douglass, and Garrison, to the Hon. W. H. Johnson*, etc. Containing the Questions of the Day, and Returns of all Presidential Elections since 1836. Compiled by Horace Greeley and John Y. Carrington. 12mo. pp. 528. New York: Published by the Tribune Association.

Special Notices.

Worcester, Mass.

Is a delightful place for a summer resort, and

THE LINCOLN HOUSE.

A GOOD HOTEL TO STOP AT.

Mr. Gouraud's Philosophy of the Finger Nails.

No. 13.

Another important requisite of a handsome finger nail is resilience, and the necessary tint is derived by the use of all nations, though the methods of preparation are various. In Ireland, for instance, the ladies stain their nails with a delicate varnish. In France an infusion of "egg-and-red-pink" is generally used for the same purpose. The French, however, prefer to cover their nails with a bright red color, while others prefer a dark red, and the Americans a violet punch or a squaring their nail. All these modes are wrong, because they do not possess the qualities of resilience, and the necessary tint is derived by the use of all nations, though the methods of preparation are various. In Ireland, for instance, the ladies stain their nails with a delicate varnish. In France an infusion of "egg-and-red-pink" is generally used for the same purpose. 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Dramatic *Feuilleton*.

INScribed TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

In the name of gallantry, General, why didn't you go and see Ada Isaacs Menken, last Monday evening? You would have met some Peoria there, and a little of what besets a delegation from Damariscotta, two or three persons from Boston, and one from Wexford—all in glossy black coats and satin waistcoats, with splendid watch chains, and nice silk hats just out of the hands of hair slicker than Jo Jefferson's when he does his Vermonted.

But, General, I thought you would have fixed yourself up and gone, on account of the lovely Ada herself, whom the Adas are all lovely, showing that there is something, anyhow, in a name. But no! You who have so much heart, who, when you please, can be so romantic! you who love, above all things, a good bit of sentiment—you who have been gallant in your day, and even chivalric, you were off after Sam Cowell, or Professor Anderson, or the United-We-Lived-Well-we-are-going-American-couple, — and the eloquent and interesting Ada had to parade her wits and things before an unappreciating handful of Peoria. Penitentiaries and such, who couldn't tell the world what she was driving at, and went away feeling as country-folks always do that they had done something wrong in going to see a handsome woman at all, and resolving when they get home again to say nothing about it, but to entertain their people, instead, with a lively account of the *World*-office and the Fulton-Street-Prayer-Meeting.

But perhaps, General, you don't like to hear folks define their position?

The same here.

I am even doubtful if it is well in this world to have a position—least of all a social position.

Here is what I have always thought to be a charming peculiarity of the actor:

He has no social position; he wouldn't know what to do with it if he had!

He would be as badly off as N. P. Willis when he got religion.

It would require all the actor's time, if he had a social position, to look after it.

His wife, if he had one, would bore him to death about it.

And then what would become of his profession?

Moreover, the moment an actor gets what is called position in the world, he becomes a snob.

Society flings his profession in his face at every turn, & forgetting that society is made up chiefly of grocers, cheese-mongers, haberdashers, jobbers, tailors, brokers, and the like, he becomes ashamed of it (his profession) and makes an ass of himself by trying to act as if he, too, had been a grocer, a cheese-monger, a haberdasher, a jobber, a tailor, a broker, and the like, and would go back again to grocering, cheese-mongering, haberdashing, jobbing, tailoring, brokering, or what not, sooner than confess he had ever been an actor with no social position.

I have noticed, also, General, that these people who have social positions to maintain (and I'd rather, for my part, undertake to maintain a large family of triplets), are everlastingly seeking to set themselves right before you.

Indeed, that's what maintaining a social position means—keeping one's self right before you.

As if you owned a chip about anybody who couldn't look out for his own affairs.

With all due respect, General, the best way to treat you, —in this matter of position as of all others—is to let you alone.

People who run after you are as foolish as the youth of whatever age who run after pretty women. The way is to make you do the running, which you always do with great slowness, when there is anything worth running after, —and sometimes when there isn't.

All which, being interpreted, means that if Ada Isaacs Menken wants you to go and see her, she must make a more skillful use of the arts of her sex, and instead of *“I am a Sibyl, a Rachel, a Ristori, a Kemble, a Cushman, loitering somewhere about their position, and seeking to define or defend it!”*

The greatest mistake Lola Montez ever made was in attempting to define and defend her: one of the consequences of which was, as I see by the last number of *THE SATURDAY PRESS*, that she exposed herself to the lugubrious and worse than Pecksniffian whines and whimperings of the Sunday press.

Yes, while that brilliant and fascinating woman is lying at the point of death, out comes a Sunday editor, and on the strength of what he had heard of her private character (which, under any circumstances, is none of his business), undertakes to read her a sermon such as even a camping-out howler or an Amimida sleek would hardly dare, under the circumstances, to utter.

But let's change the subject.

I believe the particular excitements of the week in the world of amusements have been the re-appearance of Thomas Hanlon after his late accident; the miraculous advent among us of the gilt-edged and every way gorgeous Anderson; and the success, at Canterbury Hall (now getting to be classic) of the inimitable and irrepressible Sam Cowell.

Being rather low in my tastes, General, like yourself, I go in for the Canterbury, partly because the proprietor will let me smoke my pipe and indulge in my satirical jest while the performances are going on; partly because I am more entertained by Miss Mary Partington, Miss Emma Frothingham, and Senator Marietta (whom I never saw) than by the *“Camerata”* which I believe is explained in the advertisements, though I have as little idea of it as of a *“Psychomantum”*.

I am told it is a Greek thing.

But I go to Missop's to see Zoyara and the Hanlons' *“Cinderella”*, the pièce de résistance of the place, is about as refreshing as the pièce de résistance at a boarding-house dinner-table.

But perhaps the best thing that can be said of Missop's, is that people go there in spite of Jo Penland.

And now, General, as I didn't mean to write you a word this week, I think you must let me up; for as I say, saying any more about the bi-bivalent Florence, Awful's American Cousin, or anything else now going on, I beg leave to decline.

Moreover, I have just heard of the accident which has happened to our friend Dolly Davenport (falling out of a carriage and nearly breaking his neck), and I feel so bad about it that I've half a mind to run over into Connecticut to console with him.

If he should lose his arm like Roger of Paris (thank heaven there is no prospect of it), wouldn't we all subscribe and give him a magnificent wooden one?

Meanwhile, arm or no arm, here's a hand for you.

QUELQU'UN.

“ABASSA” OR “FATIMA”

The September number of the *Atlantic*, and the September number of the *Knickerbocker*, contain substantially the same poem by M. T. B. Aldrich. We give both versions, and are curious to know which is the favorite of the author.

On the Knickerbocker

THE SONG OF ABASSA

PELUQUE.

And then Alabama sang the song
Of love that waits and watches long.
That waits and suffers, and is strong.
And up and down the instrument,
And in and out the gilded chords.
Her slender fingers flew, and made
Arabian music for these words.

SONG.

“I” and are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles.
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silvery coast of fairy isles.

And sauder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love.
Waiting, wasting, suffering much!

But rich is love to those whose hearts
Touch, and beat sweetly to the close,
Like happy symbols. Blessed are they!
The bud and bloom of life for those!

For clear as amber, sweet as musk,
Are these twin souls in their own light.
They walk in Allah's smile by day.
And nestle in his heart by night.

(From the *Atlantic*)

THE SONG OF FATIMA

PELUQUE.

O, “I” and are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles.
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silver coast of fairy isles!

And sauder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love.
Waiting, wasting, suffering much!

But rich is love to those whose hearts
Touch, and beat sweetly to the close,
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(From the *New York Saturday Press*)

ROMANCE OF AN INFANT'S LIFE

BY M. E. F. ELLET.

“LITTLE ELLA BURNS”

We copy the following article because it appears in a responsible journal and over a well-known name. At the same time we cannot help believing that there must be some grave mistake in the pretended facts which it narrates, and trust that some one who is well-informed in the matter will at once clear up the mystery.

(From the *San Francisco Golden Era*)

ROMANCE OF AN INFANT'S LIFE

BY M. E. F. ELLET.

In the Winter of 1858, a little girl of extraordinary intellectual powers appeared publicly in New York, as a reader of Shakespeare and the poets. She was four or five years of age, and was called “Ella Burns,” the lady who exhibited her remarkable powers of memory and the abilities of Alexander Burns of Sacramento, California. The precocious little creature was made to recite touching death-bed scenes of its father; and its wonderful performance so interested the ladies of New York, that a benefit was got up at the Academy of Music, by which a large sum was raised, and paid to the supposed mother, on her promise that the child should be withdrawn from her vagabond and浪子的生活. The pretender to the child was exhibited, but exhibitions were given every night for three months during the Winter, some in the drawing-rooms of wealthy citizens, such as Watts Sherman, August Belmont, Peter Cooper, Marshall O. Roberts, James S. Thayer, and others. For long it was discovered that Mrs. Burns had sold a falsehood in representing the child as her own, and herself as a widow, but that she was the child's mother, and the girl's real name was Ella Burns. This was discovered by a man who gave her nice letters to people in London, whither she took the child in the Spring of 1859. Her success was not great in London. The Baroness Rothschild did not relish exhibitions for money of a baby who should be with her dolls; the Duchess of Sutherland, too, was not so fond of her, and the American Minister, Dallas, declined to treat her as a lady. Ella Burns was disappointed in America, after a month in London. In July she overcame her fears of the child's father, a police officer of Cincinnati named Francis Whitten, so far as to visit her sister in Ohio. Her father had, under the pressure of poverty, having lost his wife in 1825, been in his little boy even three months old, to the last when real name was given him (lock), till eighteen, on the promise that she should never be taken from Cincinnati. Ever on the watch to discover his child's whereabouts, on hearing that she was in Ohio, he went with a habeas corpus and two officers to claim her. Mrs. Burns saw him coming, fled to her room, bolted the door, and while parleying, put the child out of the back window into the hands of the courtiers who had come to claim it and led it to the wood. The same night Mrs. Burns escaped with the little girl, and immediately resumed her public exhibitions at the principal watering-places. In September, Mr. Whitten went to New York, and after travelling over the New England States in pursuit of his daughter, succeeded in compelling Mrs. Burns to come to him, and to the New York Supreme Court. His counsel trusted to the court's sympathy for the child, and the utter worthlessness of the indenture out of which he had been born. The court, however, did not manifest the most unbounded confidence in Mrs. Burns, used the power vested in him simply for his pleasure and advantage.

For several days in succession I mixed in with the various emigrants and conversed with them.

Oppression—social even more than political—had driven them from the hearth of their forefathers.

Taxes, exactions, high rents, low wages, impossibility to acquire homesteads, the burden of working for the State, or the land-holder, or the new folly of capitalists and large manufacturers—such were the principal reasons given by these emigrants for seeking a new home.

No prince, no noble, no taxes, no overgrown and oppressive capitalists, nothing but freedom and fair play beyond the seas! This was their universal song.

I felt deeply for them, and a few years afterward went to my feelings in a socialist work entitled *“Eine Tour durch Belgien”*. I did not then foresee my fate.

In 1849, the reaction over, I found myself hemmed in on every side by State espionage and persecution.

I then decided to leave Europe; and five years after my former visit to Antwerp, I embarked for the United States from the same wharf where I had witnessed the heart-rending departure of the German wanderers.

As far back as 1827 I had wished to emigrate to America, which was known to me only superficially, through books; but which was attractive to me as the home of liberty.

1825, the secret league of Polish patriots to which I belonged was broken up, by the principal members being imprisoned or transported to Russia.

After a long imprisonment by the Grand Duke Constantine—brother of Alexander and Nicholas I.—then a kind of lawless pro-consul over Poland, I was set free; but remained exposed to the daily annoyances of military despotism, as well as to constant personal jeopardy.

Young, full of hope, and possessing sufficient capital, I, with my newly-married wife, and accompanied by a colony of about eighty families of my agricultural tenants, prepared to leave Poland and seek a new and better home.

But the Government threw impediments in the way;

I was widowed mother entreated me not to give up the care and charge of a numerous family of which I was the head; the nobility, especially the younger portion, who were principally from that part of Poland where my ancestors had dwelt for many centuries, begged me to remain among them—manifesting the most touching and inspiring confidence in my devotion and ability as one of the leaders in the patriotic struggle against Russia; and I was thus led to give up, or at least postpone, my project of emigration.

At last, nearly twenty years of political persecution—including proscription, confiscation, and even capital punishment—drove me out of Europe, a ruined, solitary, forlorn fugitive.

At twenty-four hours' notice I decided to leave the Old World—and my mind was then wholly absorbed by the new and vast social and political phenomena which I was so soon to behold. Hopes, expectations, plans, I had none; nor had I any idea what I might do or become.

Knowing that besides those who emigrate to this country from worthy motives, there were also adventurers of every kind—chevaliers d'industrie, fortune-hunters, sharpers, etc.—I took care to provide myself with a few good letters from Berlin—letters of credit, which I believe gives me more laugh for two shillings than I can get anywhere else.

As for Anderson, he is altogether too splendid for me, and besides I have seen all his tricks done so much better than he can do them, that aside from reading him, I don't find anything in his *“Psychomantum”* to pay me for visiting it.

Moreover, it is too crowded for comfort, and I can't get in without passing a very disagreeable door-keeper.

So I have given myself up this week, chiefly, to the Canterbury, and to Nixon, by the way announces for next Monday night a *“Camerata”*, which I believe is explained in the advertisements, though I have as little idea of it as of a *“Psychomantum”*.

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But I go to Missop's to see Zoyara and the Hanlons' *“Cinderella”*, the pièce de résistance of the place, is about as refreshing as the pièce de résistance at a boarding-house dinner-table.

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their struggles; but I was totally ignorant of its statistics, its internal economy, its leading branches of industry, and even of its particular geography.

This only was present to my mind, that embarking in Europe I was to land somewhere in the Northern portion of the new continent, and the sooner I was off the better, as the thing would then be done.

From Brussels I went to Antwerp, where I saw a bill posted on a ship the *“Eduwa”*, I think, Captain Palmer, announcing her immediate departure for New York, and I at once took passage in her, but without the least idea of the greatness and splendor of that metropolis.

I was not pleased to find that the *“Eduwa”* was an emigrant ship; for it suited my condition of a homeless, lone wanderer, and gave me a chance to probe to the bottom the experience and the woes of a lacerated soul cosa diletta, etc. By paying extra, I secured a seat-room to myself, and during the whole voyage experienced the kindest attention from the Captain, the Mate, and all the crew.

The steamer contained about two hundred and fifty persons of both sexes and all ages, chiefly farm-laborers and mechanics from Southern Germany, with about twenty families of Swiss, mostly farmers. On the upper deck, among my companions, was a young nobleman from Westphalia, with his housekeeper—a buxom peasant-girl—and a pair of twins three months old, whose birth was about to be legitimized in New York by the marriage of the parents—a ceremony rendered impossible in Westphalia on account of the angry opposition of the young man's father, and of the whole aristocratic set to which he belonged. There was also an interesting mother with a large family—including three grown-up daughters and one grown-up son—on her way to join her husband, who some months before had absconded from Rhenish Prussia, on account of having committed large defalcations. They belonged to the well-to-do class, and the young people looked spoiled and thoughtless; but the mother often shed silent tears at the gloomy prospect which seemed to open before her and her children.

We had contrary winds all the voyage, and it was consequently thirty-three days before we reached Sandy Hook. Thirty-one days of this time I was in bed, sea-sick, though not a little amused at what I saw and heard about me. Everything was novel, unwanted, and full of interest.

My new life commenced from the time when I shook hands, for the last time, with my brother and his wife, the Princess of Spain, and pushed off from the pier at Antwerp.

“LITTLE ELLA BURNS”

We copy the following article because it appears in a responsible journal and over a well-known name. At the same time we cannot help believing that there must be some grave mistake in the pretended facts which it narrates, and trust that some one who is well-informed in the matter will at once clear up the mystery.

(From the *San Francisco Golden Era*)

ROMANCE OF AN INFANT'S LIFE

BY M. E. F. ELLET.

“LITTLE ELLA BURNS”

[From *Once a Week*.]

I'VE LOST MY HEART.
Where is my heart? Alas! not here.
I was from my careful keeping,
And 'stole away' one Summer's eve.
What I was too securely sleeping.

I called it back. Ah, traitor heart,
It would not heed the timely warning,
But vowed, with many a blush and smile,
It would return before the morning.

The morning came, but not my heart;
Tis plain I cannot live without it;
Perchance, some day it may return,
If I don't say too much about it.

I've lost my heart. What must be done?
Tis plain I cannot live without it;
Perchance, some day it may return,
If I don't say too much about it.

For hearts, I know, are so perverse,
That if they think you prize them highly,
They give themselves conceited airs,
And very often treat you vilely.

And so I'll try to bear my loss,
My wounded feelings I must another,
I may, perhaps, repair my loss,
And some day find myself another.
Will no one volunteer a loan
Until I can get back my own?

The heart I've lost is warm and light,
And has a trick of loving blindly,
If you should find the wayward sprite,
I hope you'll treat it very kindly.

Should you neglect it, 'twill rebel,
And surely die if you are cruel;
But if you understand it well,
You'll find this heart a priceless jewel.

So if it chance to come your way,
Don't keep it there at any cost,
Unless you'll use it tenderly,
But send me back the heart I've lost!

JESSICA RANKIN.

[From the *New York Times*, August 13.]

ART IN NEWPORT.

NEWPORT, August, 1860.

I was surprised to encounter Rowes on the Cliff. The statement that Carlyle and Tennyson declined to sit for their portraits to him is erroneous. The rain fell constantly while Rowes was in England, and an attack of inflammation of the eye obliged him to cut short his visit. Richard M. Hunt is here recruiting from a severe illness; Elshner has just left. As Monday is proverbially dull here, owing to the absence of a New York mail, and the large number who always prepare to leave on that evening, it is a good time to tell you something about Art in Newport.

Visitors who come here from the Hudson River, Berkshire county, or the White Mountains, complain of the tedium of the scenery. They miss picturesque elevations, noble trees, and the unobtrusive masses which add so essentially to the beauty of the landscape elsewhere. It is true that the lover of nature must look to the sea—with its ever-changing moods and hues, its limitless expanse, beautiful inlets, and graceful shores—for his scenic pleasure; yet the infinite variety of the ocean, to the eye of a keen and susceptible observer—for a time, at least—more than compensates for the lack of woods and mountains. The rocks here are full of character; and for studies of color the painter will vainly seek a clearer twinkle in the grass, a deeper azure in the heavens, crystalline blue water more pure, sunsets more splendid, an atmosphere more lucid, or vaporous neutral tints more effective. For these reasons, and still more, perhaps, because of the good working summer climate and the intelligent society of the place, Newport has always been fondly sought by the artistic fraternity. In the brief history of American art, it is one of the first places named as the abode of painters. Bishop Berkeley brought Smibert here from England, and his are the first good portraits that were executed in America. In walking or driving with artist friends here, their frequent exclamations of discovery and delight, indicates that Newport is not deficient in picturesque materials. Now it is a magnificent cloud, and now a beautiful surge; sometimes a long aerial perspective, and again a charming costume physiognomy—that wins the artist's eye. Some of the cleverest caricatures of Augustus Hopper were inspired by the grotesque side of life visible here in 'the height of the season.' The lamented Crawford found in Wright's portrait of Washington, belonging to a resident, the most authentic details of the peerless Chief's figure and features, whereof he made excellent use in his study of that grand subject. Amateur photographers find delectable objects to represent; sketchbooks are desirably filled at the Glen and among the rocks, and the daguerotypists drive a flourishing trade.

There is a cottage in Pelham street which is the fruit of artistic labor, having been erected several years since by Richard M. Stagg—a painter of exquisite taste and progressive ability—whose early studies were aided by the kindly counsels of Alston. During the first years of his career, Stagg was devoted to miniature painting—a branch in which he so excels that there is always upon his easel some work of the kind; and his Winters are as fully occupied in New York and Boston as his Summers in Newport. Many of Stagg's miniatures of beautiful women are as much prized as works of art, in a sphere where high success is rare, as for excellent likenesses. He excels in color. Mryan, the well-known owner of the gallery of old masters, sat to him two or three years since, and fashioned his critic as he is, considers the painting a masterpiece. To vary the minute labor bestowed upon his miniatures, and give scope to his love of art in a broader sphere, Stagg has executed, of late, many admirable life-size crayon portraits, several in oil; and a series of finished landscapes of cabinet size, with some genre compositions. His success in each of these branches has been remarkable. His head, in oil, called the 'Exile,' has won the greatest admiration for its mellow tints and earnest expression; his portrait of his mother was pronounced a gem in tint and tone, as well as character, by all the critics of a recent exhibition; his figure of the 'Little Crossing Sweep' is so naive and true that photographs of it have sold to a large extent; and a set of views of sea and sky effects, and bits of coast in this region, are the favorite drawing-room ornaments of more than one tasteful dwelling on this island. Nor should the beautiful children, delineated by Stagg be forgotten: they are singularly authentic and graceful. This studious and refined artist has well sustained the early reputation of Newport as the birthplace or residence of favorite painters; and his progress and success have been legitimate, and are sources of congratulation to his numerous friends here. His sister is endowed with similar talent, and his studio is seldom without some precious and endear'd trophy of artistic genius.

In South Touro street, there is a nice bit of verdant lawn, where a large white goat, and sometimes a little black Fayan cow, may be seen grazing; in the rear is a mansion well shaded with trees, and still further back, an eligible stroller, where instruction and achievement in pictorial art go prosperously, despite of the frequent interruption of visitors. This is the house of William M. Hunt. He studied Art faithfully in Paris, and pursues it with the correctness and insight of a man who has adopted his legitimate vocation. He is an admirable draughtsman, and knows how to seize the picturesque in nature and the characteristic in humanity with consummate tact. There is nothing conventional or adventitious about his work—noting evasive in his manner. He never arbitrarily chooses a subject, but is won by it. His eye is quick to discern, and his hand dexterous to embody the pictures that exist in life and nature; no effect of light and shade, of feature and form, of expression and character, is lost upon him. He has a remarkable affinity with the naive. There is a true simplicity, like that of Nature, in his conception. Such charming and suggestive subjects as rural life, the wayside, the spontaneous and natural around him, afford, he instinctively adopts. Many of his pictures have been extremely popular, even in diminutive lithograph copies, owing to this

sublime truth to nature; as, for instance, the 'Girli at the Fountain,' 'The Boy playing the Mandolin,' the 'Paris Flower Girl,' etc. A glance around his studio reveals the genuine artist at a glance. There are quickly-drawn sketches of interior courtyards, or money-walls in the Arcos,—there are bits of rustic life gathered in France—a little shepherd leading a cow through a wood and knitting as she walks, two angelic children singing, deer by moonlight, rabbits erect and vigilant, a fortuneteller and child, etc., all instinct with the expressive, artless grace of Nature. Some of Hunt's portraits are original and effective in treatment beyond any we have seen by living American artists,—as, for example, that incarnation of judicial sense and integrity, Chief-Judge Shaw—two children painted after death, and a score of female heads and forms, where the latent and absolute character of the originals is delicately as well as emphatically preserved. Attached to his painting-room are apartments for pupils, of which Mr. Hunt has several, and constant applications from others; for his talent for teaching is as remarkable as his executive skill. His education and the course he pursues are as different from those of most of our artists as are his standard of excellence and his peculiar talent. Educated in the scientific and patient habits of the best French limners, thoroughly independent in his tone of mind, and loving Art for its own sake, he wisely prefers the comparative isolation and the opportunities of study which Newport secures, during half the year, and the great social privileges obtainable there for the remainder, to the superficial excitements and trading spirit of our commercial cities. He has one of the most convenient studios in the country, and his artistic advancement and influence are unique; he is never without commissions, and yet can satisfactorily regulate his work and follow out his own ideas. Near the harbor lives a sister of Rev. Freeman Clark, who exhibits much talent in painting and sketching. A daughter of Gilbert Stuart receives many commissions—especially to copy her illustrious father's celebrated portrait of Washington—one of the full-length originals of which adorns the Senate Chamber of the Newport State House. The house where Stuart was born is still standing, over in Narragansett—a few miles hence, and two of his earliest works are preserved in the Redwood library. The first years of Allston's artistic studies were passed here, and there are three memorable fruits of his pencil to be seen, where so many happy hours of his youth were spent. The first is a head of a venerable man, who taught him the rudiments of painting; the second is an interesting one of his earliest attempts, wherein his skill in color is perfectly discernible; the third is a portrait of himself, as a young man—a most refined work—full of grace and character, and with clear low tints, the old fashioned costume and long hair adding to its pleasing effect; and the third is a work of his prime, and has the massive dignity of prophetic expression with the transparent and rich tone and hallow which made him so like the old masters. Allston's friend in his studies and rambles here was the beautiful miniature painter Malbone—whose exquisite works are the cherished heirlooms in many Newport families. George C. Mason as a draughtsman and architect, as well as a gentleman descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families of the place, has constant occupation for his brain and talents in designing and superintending the new mansions which, every year, spring up in this region. It is not surprising that Newport has been and is the favorite resort of artists. The best pieces of Huntingdon and Kent were either sketched out or wholly executed here. Lawrence, the English crayon artist, has put a lucrative summer delineating the likenesses of the visitors and residents. Ames, the Boston portrait-painter, brings every summer, pictures to paint here. Elshner has made us a visit, and notwithstanding constant social invasions of his time, has made some admirable illustrations for the new illustrated edition of Irving's Sketch Book, about to be issued by Putnam. Goodeough delighted in Newport, and proposed to execute a colossal bust of Cooper, the novelist, and present it to the city, to be placed upon the scene of one of the stirring incidents of the *Red Rover*. One of the new minor avases has been named for the generous sculptor. Signor Paterni, a Sicilian palmer of rare talent, well-known in New York for his artistic caricatures—but deserving to be still better known for his highly finished and masterly portraits, and is still sojourning here.

[From the *New York Tribune*, Aug. 22.]

CAMPMEETING ON THE OLD BATTLE-GROUND.

The 'old battle-ground,' where sin has been fought many years in the right season, is back in the country from the town of Sing Sing. The drivers of the old-fashioned vehicles that abide the coming of cars and boats call it at the start a matter of a mile and a half back. That distance is increased, as the vehicle lumber over hills and still no tents gleam in the vision, to two miles, and before it actually stops the imagination says three, which the drivers do not dispute. The advantages of the field are so distinctly pronounced in the following bulletin, which was issued a few days since from headquarters, that it is only necessary here to enlarge upon them, in the fashion of the general after action:

Campers—If it pleases God, a campmeeting will be held at Sing Sing, the old battle-ground, to commence on Monday, Aug. 20, and close the Saturday following. The preachers and people are unanimously invited to attend, without respect to color or district boundaries. The grove and the valley are in the world.

H. H. BAKER.

In enlarging upon this sharp and ringing bulletin of Gen. Bangs, we are in duty bound to say that, with but a limited experience of groves, and a still feeble knowledge of the superiority of those features of the natural landscape for purposes of warfare, we are conscious of better groves in the world than this one near Sing Sing; and positively water has crossed our lips of an equally grateful flavor with that which gushes out from the hollow behind the battle-ground. The expression in the bulletin may, however, be used in a strictly martial sense; but it is still noteworthy that in the history of the Crusades, those distinguished battles of water were for the most part, in these very political times, to denote the melancholy of this night in camp, or the sickly horror of the dull and dripping morning after.

And yet, in all the rain, Satan was abroad through the night, and stole a number of tablecloths that had been hung out to dry? A special force of Police was sent to the ground on Monday, but they found that their services would not be needed, and came away.

The dry heat of yesterday probably removed the dirty moisture of the old battle-ground, and the vast crowds that were expected may not be kept away. This is the third season rain has stolen a march upon the camp.

—Sir Bernard Burks, of Peaseys notoriety, in his recent publication of the 'Second Series of *Victuals of Families*,' says that there is not now in the House of Peaseys a single male descendant of the twenty-five Barons who were appointed to enforce the observance of Magna Charta. This fact goes far to explain the pride of ancestry which characterizes the English aristocracy. It would seem that their pride is naturally inordinate because they are really peers.

Though this dying out of old families is perhaps sad, yet the natural law which seems to regulate it has its advantages. Sir Bernard speaking of the decayed family of the miser Elkes, says, "Warriors, statesmen, merchants, and lawyers, all have originated great and flourishing houses; but miser are rarely the patriarchs of families of enduring prosperity; the same remark may be made in reference to those who gathered gain by the glaze trade; they never flourished.

It has been ascertained as a positive fact, that no two generations of a slave-dealer's race ever continued

resident on the estate acquired by the unhappy parent of their founder; and a similar observation applies, to a certain extent, to the profits of the miser.

—Mr. Charles Read, most of whose works have suffered under the suspicion of being adaptations from the French, has published a work entitled 'The Eighth Commandment.' It is a protest against the system which prevails in England of allowing adaptations of novels to be sold and dramatized from MSS. copies, and other similar works which interfere with an author's right to his work. The London Leader says of Mr. Read's book, it is in fact an immortal work; and will live like Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Unlearned Printing*, live as long as the English language.

A statement which we consider somewhat rash, and are therefore inclined to doubt, more or less. Perhaps however the Leader made it while in a state of fear produced by the memory of Mr. Read's ridiculous offer for a reward for the name of the author of an adverse criticism of one of his novels in the *Saturday Review*. For the Leader's reputation, it is to be hoped that such is the case.

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